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HYMNS

FOR

CHILDREN,

AND PERSONS

Of RIPER YEARS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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HYMNS

FOR

CHILDREN, &c.

HYMN I.

Of GOD.

1 HAIL Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in Perſons Three,
Of Thee we make our early boaſt,
Our ſongs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither canſt be felt, or ſeen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity haſt been,
And always ſhalt endure.

3 Preſent alike in evéry place,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Thou dwelléſt for evermore.

4 In wiſdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things ſee,
And evéry thought of evéry heart
Is fully known to Thee.

5 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou doſt, in heavén above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Thé Almighty God is Love.

6 Thou lovéſt whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodneſs we rehearſe,
In ſhining characters diſplayéd
Throughout the univerſe.

7 Mercy, and love, and endleſs grace
O'er all thy works do reign:
But moſtly thou delightéſt to bleſs
Thy fav'rite creature, Man.

8 Wherefore let evéry creature give
To Thee the praiſe deſignéd;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN II.

Of the Creation and Fall of Man.

1 O All-creating God,
At whoſe ſupreme decree
Our body roſe a breathing clod,
Our ſouls ſprang forth from Thee;
For this Thou haſt deſignéd,
And formed us man for this,
To know, and love Thyſelf, and find
In Thee our endleſs bliſs.

2 Thou the firſt happy pair
In paradiſe didſt place,
To reap the joys and pleaſures there,
And ſing the Giver's praiſe.

Of

Of all the trees, but one
Forbidden was, to prove
Their due regard to God alone,
Their firm obedient love.

3 But O they raſhly took
Of the forbidden tree,
Thine eaſy, ſole commandment broke,
And ſinnéd, and fell from Thee:
Of their wide-ſpreading fault
The ſad effects we find;
Anguiſh, and ſin, and death it brought
On us, and all mankind.

4 Infected by their ſtain
In ſin we all are born,
And liable to grief and pain,
Till we to duſt return:
To evéry ſin inclinéd,
Selfiſh we are, and proud,
Our will perverſe, our carnal mind
Is enmity to God.

5 Dead to the things above,
While in our loſt eſtate,
Children of wrath, the world we love,
And Thee by nature hate;
In pining griefs and cares
We ſpend our wretched breath,
And die the miſerable heirs
Of everlaſting death.

H Y M N III.

Of the Redemption of Man.

1 SAVIOUR from ſin, from death, from hell,
Thee, Jeſus Chriſt, with joy we own,
The man who lovéd our ſouls ſo well,
The Father's everlaſting Son.

2 Thou for our ſake a Man waſt made,
The burthen of a virgin's womb,
Didſt live and ſuffer in our ſtead,
And riſe triumphant from the tomb.

3 What hath thy death for ſinners gainéd?
What hath thy life to ſinners givén?
For evéry ſoul of man obtainéd
Pardon, and holineſs, and heavén.

4 Soon as our broken hearts repent,
Soon as I do in Thee believe,
The power into my ſoul is ſent,
And then my pardon I receive.

HYMN IV.

The ſame.

1 O Could I now to God return,
With all ſincerity of grief,
My ſinfulneſs, and folly mourn,
My guilt and helpleſs unbelief!

2 O could I now the faith obtain,
That evidence of things unſeen,
And know the Lamb, for ſinners ſlain,
For me, the ſinfulleſt of men!

3 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the grace impart,
Reveal the dying Deity,
And feelingly convince my heart
He lovéd, and gave himſelf for me.

4 The pardon on my conſcience ſeal,
Inſpire the ſenſe of ſin forgivén,
And all my new-born ſoul ſhall feel
That holineſs is preſent heavén.

HYMN V.

The ſame.

1 HAPPY the man who Jeſus knows,
By holy faith to Jeſus joinéd!
His pure believing heart o'erflows
With love to God and all mankind.

2 Redeeméd from all iniquity,
From evéry evil work and word,
From evéry ſinful temper free,
He lives devoted to his Lord.

3 Little and vile in his own eyes,
All good he gives to God alone:
Savéd from ſelf-will he ever cries
Lord, not my will, but thine be done!

4 Savéd from the love of all below,
Heavénward his evéry wiſh aſpires;
Nothing but Chriſt reſolvéd to know,
God, only God, his heart deſires.

5 Savéd from all evil words, he ſpeaks
For God, and miniſters his grace;
Savéd from all evil deeds he ſeeks
In all to' advance his Maker's praiſe.

6 Whether he eats, in faith, or drinks,
He ſpreads his Maker's praiſe abroad,
Whether he acts, or ſpeaks, or thinks,
He only aims to' exalt his God.

HYMN VI.

Of the Means of Grace.

1 GOD of all-alluring grace,
Thee through Jeſus Chriſt we praiſe,
Father, in thy Spirit's powér,
Thee we for thy grace adore.

2 Sent in Jeſu's mighty name,
Grace with God from heaven came,
Grace on all mankind beſtowéd,
Grace, the life and powér of God.

3 Us, whoe'er the gift receive,
It enables to believe,
Helps our ſoul's infirmity
Still to live and die with Thee.

4 In the means thou haſt enjoinéd,
All who ſeek the grace ſhall find,
In the prayér, the faſt, the word,
In the ſupper of their Lord.

5 Thus the ſaints of ancient days
Waited, and obtainéd thy grace,
Drank the blood by Jeſus ſhed,
Daily on his body fed.

6 Thus the whole aſſembly joinéd
Jeſus in the midſt to find,
Prayer preſenting to the ſkies,
Morn and evening ſacrifice.

7 Jointly praying, and apart,
Each to Thee pouréd out his heart,
Solemnly thy grace imploréd,
Still continuéd in the word:

8 Searchéd

8 Searchéd the ſcripture day and night,
(All their comfort and delight
There to catch thy Spirit's powér)
Heard, and read, and livéd them o'er.

9 Twice a week they faſted then,
Pureſt of the ſons of men,
Choiceſt veſſels of thy grace,
Patterns to the faithful race.

10 Still to us they ſpeak, though dead,
Bid us in their footſteps tread,
Bid us never dare remove
From the channels of thy love.

11 Never will we hence depart,
Till our all in all Thou art,
Till from outward means we fly,
Till we on thy boſom die.

HYMN VII.

Of Hell.

1 WRETCHED ſouls, who live in ſin,
Who their Lord by deeds deny!
Tophet yawns to take them in,
Soon as their frail bodies die,
They their due reward ſhall feel,
Dreadfully thruſt down to hell.

2 Dark and bottomleſs the pit
Which on them its mouth ſhall cloſe:
Never ſhall they 'ſcape from it:
There they ſhall in endleſs woes
Weep, and wail, and gnaſh their teeth,
Die an everlaſting death.

3 There their torturéd bodies lie,
Scorchéd by the conſuming fire,
There their ſouls in torments cry,
Rackéd with pride and fierce deſire:
Fear, and grief their ſpirits tear,
Rage, and envy, and deſpair.

4 Evéry part its curſe ſuſtains,
Evéry faculty of ſoul,
All the powér of helliſh pains
Joins to make their meaſure full,
Fiends, themſelves, and conſcience join,
Heightenéd all by wrath divine.

5 There they lie, alas, how long!
Never can they hope releaſe,
Not a drop to cool their tongue,
Not an hour, a moment's eaſe:
Damnéd they are, and ſtill ſhall be,
Damnéd to all eternity!

HYMN VIII.

Of Heaven.

1 WHERE ſhall true believers go,
When from the fleſh they fly?
Glorious joys ordainéd to know,
They mount above the ſky,
To that bright celeſtial place;
There they ſhall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er expreſs,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enteréd there,
Their mourning days are o'er,
Pain, and ſin, and want, and care,
And ſighing are no more:

Subject

Subject then to no decay,
Heavénly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the ſun.

3 But their greateſt happineſs,
Their higheſt joy ſhall be,
God their Saviour to poſſeſs,
To know, and love, and ſee:
With that beatific ſight
Glorious extaſy is givén,
This is the ſupreme delight,
And makes a heavén of heavén.

4 Him beholding face to face,
To Him they glory give,
Bleſs his name, and ſing his praiſe,
As long as God ſhall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employéd in heavén they are:
Lord, receive my happy ſoul,
With all thy ſervants there!

HYMN IX.

1 TEACHER, Guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to Thee,
Thee, who camést to ranſom ſinners,
Thee who diédſt to ranſom me:
Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodneſs as thou art,
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thy own heart.

2 Exerciſe the potter's power,
Over this unſhapen clay:
Call me in the morning-hour,
Teach my ſimpleneſs the way:

With

With a tender awe inſpire,
That I never more may rove;
The faint ſpark of good deſire
Blow into a flame of love.

3 O my everlaſting Lover,
Thee that I may love again,
To mine inmoſt ſoul diſcover
All thy dying love for man;
By thy Spirit's inſpiration
Make thy depths of mercy known,
Seal the heir of true ſalvation,
Then tranſlate me to thy throne.

HYMN X.

1 ALMIGHTY God, to Thee I cry,
Aſſiſt a child's infirmity,
Nor let me with my lips draw nigh,
While my heart wanders far from Thee.

2 Ah, never let me ſpeak a word,
But what with all my ſoul I mean;
Or lie to Thee, Thou glorious Lord,
By whom my every thought is ſeen.

3 With what ſubmiſſive lowlineſs
Shall I approach thy gracious throne?
How can I hope by words to pleaſe,
To pleaſe a God I have not known?

4 I know not what to do, or ſay,
Till I thy bleſſed Spirit receive,
And Jeſus teaches me to pray,
And Jeſus teaches me to live.

HYMN XI.

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to ſing thy praiſe:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days:
Thou, a Spirit inviſible,
Doſt to none thy fulneſs ſhew,
None thy Majeſty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wiſdom, powér, and might:
Happy in thyſelf alone,
In goodneſs infinite,
Thou thy goodneſs haſt diſplayéd,
On thine evéry work impreſt,
Lovéſt whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lovéſt the beſt.

3 Willing Thou, that all ſhould know
Thy ſaving truth, and live,
Doſt to each or bliſs or woe
With ſtricteſt juſtice give:
Thou with perfect righteouſneſs
Renderéſt evéry man his due,
Faithful in thy promiſes,
And in thy threaténings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee,
Hear me then for pardon call,
And ſhew thy grace to me;
Me by mercy reconciléd,
Me for Jeſu's ſake forgivén,
Me, receive, thy fav'rite child,
To ſing thy praiſe in heavén.

HYMN XII.

1 O Thou whom none hath ſeen or known,
But He that in thy boſom lies,
Thine heavénly beſt-beloved Son,
Creator both of earth and ſkies,
He only knows and can explain
Thy Godhead to the ſons of men.

2 Not all the things we read or hear
Can Thee unto our ſouls reveal,
Not all the art of man declare;
Thy Spirit muſt the ſecret tell,
Into our deepeſt darkneſs ſhine,
And manifeſt the things divine.

3 Father of everlaſting grace,
The Spirit of the Son impart,
To us who humbly ſeek thy face,
Who pray for light with all our heart,
And long to know thy bleſſed will,
And all thy counſel to fulfil.

HYMN XIII.

1 THOU, O God, art good alone,
(Praiſe to Thee alone be givén)
Truly iſſues from thy throne
All the good in earth and heavén;
Good if e'er in man we ſee,
Lord, it all proceeds from Thee.

2 Unaſſiſted by thy grace
We can only evil do,
Wretched is the human race,
Wretched more than words can ſhow,
Till thy bleſſing from above
Tells our hearts that God is love.

HYMN XIV.

1 ALL powér to ſave, O Lord, is thine,
Receive this ruinéd ſoul of mine,
Upon thy mercy caſt;
Do with me what, and as Thou wilt,
But throughly purge away my guilt,
And ſave my ſoul at laſt.

2 What I into thy hands commend,
Keep, and continue to defend,
In humble faith I pray,
Evil and danger turn aſide,
And me, and my companions hide,
Againſt that awful day.

3 Then, Lord, by thine almighty powér
Our bodies and our ſouls reſtore,
Committed to thy care;
Our hidden life with Chriſt reveal,
And lift us to thy heavénly hill,
To ſee thy glory there.

HYMN XV.

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtowéd
An immortal ſoul, deſignéd
To be the houſe of God.
Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove,
Make me juſt, and good like Thee,
And full of powér and love.

2 Bid me in thine image riſe
A ſaint, a creature new,
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure, and happy too:

This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in Thee be bleſt,
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will on me be done,
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee, to know, and love alone,
And riſe in rapture higher;
Thee deſcending on a cloud
When with raviſhéd eyes I ſee,
Then I ſhall be filléd with God
To all eternity.

HYMN XVI.

1 AUTHOR, and End of my deſires,
From whom my evéry bleſſing flowéd,
I *would* whate'er thy will requires,
Whate'er thy will requires is good.

2 I would (but Thou muſt give the powér)
From all beſide my will avert,
Nor ever grieve thy goodneſs more,
Nor ever follow my own heart.

3 Spring of all good thy will I own,
The fountain of all evil mine;
Father, let mine no more be done,
Let all obey the will divine.

4 We came into the world to do
The will of Him that placéd us here,
And who their own deſires purſue,
Can never in thy ſight appear.

5 What then ſhall of our ſouls become
Uſéd our own pleaſure to fulfil?
Eternal death muſt be the doom
Of all that follow their own will.

6 But O, to Thee for help we cry,
Save, or we ſink into the pit,
Ourſelves aſſiſt us to deny,
And to thy bleſſed will ſubmit.

7 Father, for Jeſu's ſake alone,
Thine all-ſufficient grace impart,
Save us, in honour of thy Son,
And God-ward turn the ſelfiſh heart.

8 So ſhall we evéry moment feel,
(When Thou the Holy Ghoſt haſt givén)
To do our curſed will, is hell,
To do thy bleſſed will, is heavén.

HYMN XVII.

1 GOD is goodneſs, wiſdom, powér,
Love Him, praiſe Him evermore,
Let us ſtrive and never ceaſe,
Him in evéry thing to pleaſe.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and ſerve, and praiſe,
God to honour all our days.

3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the church above employéd,
Day and night the angels ſing
Praiſes to their heavénly king.

4 Him that ſitteth on the throne,
Him that diéd for man to' atone,
God, and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.

5 Let us then to God aſpire,
Rivals of the heavénly quire;
Cherubim our faces wear,
Let us their enjoyments ſhare.

6 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heavén and earth adoréd,
Filléd with Thee let all things cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

H Y M N XVIII.

1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our ſoul and body made,
God on us in gracious ſhowérs
Bleſſings evéry moment pours;
Compaſſes with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands:
Parents, friends, 'twas God beſtowéd,
Life, and all deſcends from God.

2 He this flowéry carpet ſpread,
Made the earth on which we tread,
God refreſhes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us in the food we eat,
Cheers us by the light and heat,
Makes the ſun on us to ſhine;
All our bleſſings are divine.

3 Give him then, and always give,
Thanks for all that we receive:
Man we for his kindneſs love,
How much more our God above?
Worthy, Thou, our heavénly Lord,
To be honouréd and adoréd,
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

H Y M N XIX.

1 BUT what are all the bleſſings, Lord,
Which our frail bodies prove,
Unleſs Thou to our ſouls afford
The happineſs of love?

2 Our ſouls (we above all deſire)
Our ſouls vouchſafe to bleſs,
And into our young hearts inſpire
The knowledge of thy grace.

3 We lack the wiſdom from on high,
For love on Thee we call,
Who never canſt thyſelf deny
But givéſt thyſelf to all.

4 Then let us with thy gifts receive,
The Giver from above,
And never ſin, and never grieve,
The God whom once we love.

HYMN XX.

1 FATHER, to Thee thine own we give,
Thy wiſdom, powér, and goodneſs praiſe,
Thy benefits with thanks receive,
And humbly ſue for pard'ning grace,
Thy mercy and thy ſtrength implore,
To keep us that we ſin no more.

2 We pray, but with our lips alone,
Till thou infuſe the pure deſire,
Till Thou to fleſh convert the ſtone,
The gracious principle inſpire,
The Supplicating Spirit impart,
And bleſs us with a praying heart.

HYMN XXI.

1 WHAT matters it to pray
To God in Jeſu's name,
Unleſs we feel the words we ſay,
And hang upon the Lamb?
The Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
If ſtrangers to his blood,
We only take his name in vain,
And mock thé Almighty God.

2 Father

2 Father of mercies, ſhow
What we by nature were,
Children of wrath, and dooméd below
Eternal pains to bear;
When Jeſus Chriſt thy Son
For helpleſs ſinners diéd,
That all who truſt in him alone,
May know Thee pacifiéd.

3 In Him if we believe,
Thy mercies we partake,
Who all good things art pleaſéd to give
To man for Jeſu's ſake:
We durſt not aſk thine aid,
Or hope to' obtain thy love,
But that his blood for us was ſhed,
And ſpeaks for us above.

4 Wherefore to Thee we cry,
Through thy beloved Son,
And fix on Him our ſtedfaſt eye,
Who ſtands before thy throne;
The good deſires we feel,
From Him, we own, they came,
And them, according to thy will,
Preſent in Jeſu's name.

5 Our prayers to his unite,
And as thy Son's receive,
And give, who aſk in Jeſu's right,
To us thy bleſſing give,
Whate'er we thus deſire,
The ſuit of Jeſus is:
Hear then, and raiſe thy glory higher,
By our eternal bliſs.

HYMN XXII.

1 THOU, my God, art good and wiſe,
And infinite in powér,
Thee let all in earth and ſkies
Eternally adore:

Give

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And evéry comfort here,
Thee, my moſt indulgent God,
I thank with heart ſincere;
For the bleſſings numberleſs,
Which thou haſt already givén,
For my ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
And for my hope of heavén.

3 Gracious God, my ſins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart,
Then I ſhall in Thee believe
With all my loving heart,
Always unto Jeſus look,
Him in heavénly glory ſee,
Who my cauſe hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in anſwer to his prayér,
And evéry grace beſtow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below:
Rooted in humility,
Still in evéry ſtate reſignéd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor, and vile in my own eyes,
With ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Still I would myſelf deſpiſe,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let evéry creature bleſs,
Praiſe to God alone be givén;
God alone deſerves the praiſe
Of all in earth and heavén.

HYMN XXIII.

1 HOW ignorant the human mind,
How totally ſhut up and blind,
Through our firſt parents fall!
Strangers to God by nature, we
His things can neither know nor ſee,
But darkneſs covers all.

2 God only can our ſight reſtore,
And give us by his Spirit's powér
Spiritual things to know,
His wiſdom, majeſty, and love,
To view in all his works above,
And all his works below.

3 Who good purſue, and evil fly,
To them he grants the ſeeing eye,
To them Himſelf diſplays:
Shew then (for I thy will would do)
To me, great God, vouchſafe to ſhew,
The wonders of thy grace.

4 Open mine eyes, the veil withdraw,
And I, O Lord, will keep thy law,
If Thou thy light impart,
Through grace determinéd to fulfil
Thy holy, good, and perfect will,
With all my loving heart.

HYMN XXIV.

TEACHER of babes to Thee,
I for inſtruction flee;
In my natural eſtate,
Thee, my God, I cannot know;
Let thy grace illuminate,
Thee let thy own Spirit ſhow.

2 Ah,

2 Ah, give me other eyes
Than fleſh and blood ſupplies,
Spiritual diſcernment give;
Then command the light to ſhine,
Then I ſhall the truth receive,
Know by faith the things divine.

3 For this I ever pray,
The darkneſs chaſe away
From a fooliſh, feeble mind,
Humbly offeréd up to Thee:
Help me, Lord; my ſoul is blind,
Give me light, and eyes to ſee.

4 Thou ſeeſt my heart's deſire,
Whate'er thy laws require
Freely, faithfully to do;
But I know not how to' obey;
Till thy Spirit lend a clue,
Pointing out the living way.

5 Now, Father, ſend him down,
To make thy Godhead known,
Let him Thee in Chriſt reveal,
Now diffuſe thy blood abroad,
Shew me things unſearchable,
All the heights and depths of God.

HYMN XXV.

1 THEE, Maker of the world we praiſe,
The end of our creation own,
Being thou gavéſt the favouréd race,
That man might love his God alone;
With knowledge filléd, and joy, and peace,
And glorious, everlaſting bliſs.

2 But man his liberty of will
Abúſéd, and turnéd his heart from Thee:
His fault on us intailed we feel,
While born in ſin and miſery;

W

We from our God with horror fly,
And periſh, and for ever die.

3 We muſt have diéd that ſecond death,
Had not the Son of God been man:
Jeſus for us reſignéd his breath,
For us revivéd, and roſe again,
He purgéd our ſin, he bought our peace,
And fills us with his righteouſneſs.

4 We now by his good Spirit led,
Our own deſires and will forego,
Delight in all his ſteps to tread,
And perfect holineſs below;
Our ranſoméd ſouls to God reſign,
Filléd up with peace and joy divine.

5 In Jeſus joinéd to God again,
To all thy ſaints in earth and heavén,
We triumph with the ſons of men,
Thy utmoſt grace to ſinners givén,
Sure at his coming to receive,
And bleſt with Thee for ever live.

HYMN XXVI.

1 FOOLISH, ignorant, and blind,
Is ſinful, ſhort-livéd man,
All which in the world we find
Is periſhing and vain,
Man muſt quickly turn to duſt,
The world will be deſtroyéd by fire;
Who would then on either truſt
Or dotingly admire?

2 God is good, and great alone,
In wiſdom infinite:
Let us render him his own,
And ſtill in God delight,

Fix

Fix on him our truſt, and choice,
And ſing, and wonder and adore,
In his holy will rejoice,
And triumph evermore.

HYMN XXVII.

1 COME, let us rival thoſe above,
Rejoicing in our Father's love,
Our Father is the almighty Lord,
Our Father's glorious praiſe record:
He made us to rejoice in Him,
Our firſt, and laſt, and endleſs theme.

2 Happy he doth and glorious live,
Beyond what we can e'er conceive;
He always to his promiſe ſtood,
Holy, and wiſe, and juſt, and good:
Rejoice, that God a King remains,
Rejoice that God for ever reigns.

3 Worthy is God, and God alone,
To be deſiréd, and ſought, and known:
Honour and praiſe He ſhould receive,
And bleſſing more than man can give,
And might, and majeſty, and love,
From all on earth, and all above.

4 Wherefore again we ſay rejoice,
And make to God, a cheerful noiſe,
To God who man for us became,
Extol the mighty Jeſu's name,
Who diéd to live, who ſtoopéd to riſe,
And take us with him to the ſkies.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 COVER'D with conſcious ſhame,
And grievéd, O Lord, I am,

Praiſe to moſt unworthy me
That my fellow worms ſhould give:
Praiſe belongs to none but Thee,
Praiſe let God alone receive.

2 Shall I, his creature I,
By ſinful robbery,
Take the honour and eſteem
To my glorious Maker due?
No; I leave it all to Him,
Him from whom my life I drew.

3 Father, accept thine own,
Through Jeſus Chriſt thy Son:
Honour, glory, powér is thine,
Mine (if Thou vouchſafe the grace)
With that heavénly choir to join,
In thine everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN XXIX.

1 REJOICE in the Lord, Rejoice evermore!
Who gave us the word, Shall give us the powér:
His grace is a treaſure, Which when we obtain,
Obedience is pleaſure, And duty is gain.

2 The pleaſure and gain Of them that believe,
The reaſon of man Can never conceive:
Too big for expreſſion The comfort and peace,
'Tis preſent poſſeſſion Of heavenly bliſs.

3 Who ſhare it above, They never can loſe
His heavénly love, Or forfeit, like us,
Immanuel's favour, And therefore they reſt
Wrapt up in their Saviour, And perfectly bleſt.

HYMN XXX.

1 BUT we by divers ways
May fall from Jeſu's grace,

Let

Let him evéry moment go,
Loſe our treaſure and reward;
Watch we then againſt our foe,
Stand for ever on our guard.

2 With reverential joy
Let us our time employ,
Joy at Jeſu's hands receive,
Temperéd with a ſerious fear,
Humbly, circumſpectly live,
Sin, the world, and hell ſo near.

3 Dangers and ſnares abound,
And ever cloſe us round,
Numberleſs, malicious powérs
Fight againſt us night and day,
Satan as a lion roars,
Watching to devour his prey.

4 But our almighty Lord,
Shall ſtill his help afford,
Arm us with his patient mind,
Till we ſee our conflicts paſt,
Perfect joy and ſafety find,
More than conquerors at laſt.

H Y M N XXXI.

Before reading the Scriptures.

1 O That I, like Timothy,
Might the whole ſcriptures know
From mine earlieſt infancy,
Till for God mature I grow,
Made unto ſalvation wiſe,
Ready for the glorious prize.

2 Jeſus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth and full of grace,
Make me underſtand thy word,
Teach me in my youthful days,

Wonders in thy word to ſee,
Wiſe through Faith which is in Thee.

3 Open now mine eyes of faith,
Open now the book of God,
Shew me here the ſecret path,
Leading to thy bleſt abode,
Wiſdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

HYMN XXXII.

1 COME let us embrace,
In our earlieſt days,
The offers of life and ſalvation by grace;
Let us gladly believe,
And the pardon receive,
Which the Father of mercies thro' Jeſus doth give.

2 His kingdom below
He hath called us to know,
And in ſtature and heavenly wiſdom to grow;
In his work to remain,
Till his image we gain,
And the fulneſs of Chriſt in perfection attain.

3 Then let us begin,
By renouncing all ſin, [clean:
And expecting the blood that ſhall waſh our hearts
With endeavour ſincere
To Jeſus draw near,
And be inſtant in prayer till our Saviour appear.

4 If now Thou art nigh,
Appear at our cry,
Thy love to reveal, and thy blood to apply,
Thy little one's own,
And perfect in one,
And admit us at laſt to a ſhare of thy throne.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIII.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David on his throne!
Coming in Jehovah's name,
Us, and all mankind to bleſs,
Let the ſtammering babes proclaim,
Let the ſongs of children praiſe.

2 Jeſus will not deſpiſe
Our meaneſt ſacrifice:
Though by higheſt heavén adoréd,
Children Thou doſt ſtill approve,
Suffer us to call Thee Lord,
Smile to hear us liſp thy love.

3 Saviour, thy mercy's praiſe
Shall take up all our days,
For this only thing we live,
Our Redeemer to commend,
Glory, thanks to thee we give,
Soon begin, but never end.

4 Thee, Lord, we hope to' adore,
When time ſhall be no more:
Only keep us to the day,
When the angel-guards ſhall come,
Bear us on their wings away
To our everlaſting home.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 HOLY Child of heavénly birth,
God made manifeſt on earth,
Fain I would thy follower be,
Live in evéry thing like Thee.

2 Thou whom angels ſerve and fear,
Subject to thy parents here,

Didſt to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.

3 Teach me then betimes to' obey
Thoſe who under God bear ſway:
Maſters, miniſters to love,
All their juſt commands approve.

4 Let me to my betters bend,
Never wilfully offend,
By my meek ſubmiſſiveneſs
Strive both God and them to pleaſe.

5 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and cheerful to fulfil
All my heavénly Father's will.

6 Keep me thus to God reſignéd,
Till his love delights to find
Fairly copied out on me,
All the mind that was in Thee.

HYMN XXXV.

A Thought on Judgment.

1 AND muſt I be to judgment brought,
And anſwer in that day
For evéry vain, or idle thought,
And evéry word I ſay!

2 Yes, evéry ſecret of my heart
Shall ſhortly be made known,
And I receive my juſt deſert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who ſuch a ſtrict account muſt give;
Of my behaviour here!

4 The awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power beſtow,
So ſhall I to my ways take heed,
To all I ſpeak and do.

5 If now Thou ſtandeſt at the door,
O let me feel Thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

6 My peace Thou haſt already made,
While hanging on the tree,
My ſins He on thy body laid,
And puniſhed them in Thee.

7 Ah, might I, Lord, the virtue prove
Of thine atoning blood,
And know, Thou ever liveſt above,
My Advocate with God:

8 Receive the anſwer of thy prayer,
The ſenſe of ſin forgiven,
And follow Thee with loving care,
And go in peace to heaven.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 THE Lord he knows the thoughts of men,
That they are fooliſh all and vain,
Till chaſtened by affliction's rod,
The ſinners mourn, and turn to God.

2 O might his grace victorious prove,
And draw us with the cords of love,
To ſeek Him in the dawn of day,
And gladly from our hearts obey.

3 Father, the kind inſtruction give,
And let us now begin to live,
To live the life of piety,
To live like creatures born for Thee.

4 Taught by the Spirit of thy grace
O may we rightly count our days,
To wiſdom's rules our hearts apply,
And warm in life prepare to die.

5 And when our ſpirits we reſign
Into thoſe gracious hands of thine,
Thy new-born children, Lord, receive,
With Thee eternally to live.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 WHEN dear Lord, ah, tell us when,
Shall we be in knowledge men,
Men in ſtrength and conſtancy,
Men of God, confirméd in Thee?

2 Childiſh now alas we are,
Void of faith and watchful care,
After all our teachers' pains,
Little good in us remains.

3 Soon our beſt deſires decay,
As a cloud they paſs away,
Light receivéd the ſerious thought,
Soon, and eaſily forgot.

4 O how fickle is our mind,
More inconſtant than the wind,
Suddenly our goodneſs fails,
Levity again prevails.

5 Strong and fervent for an hour,
Then we caſt away the powér,
Loſe inſenſibly our zeal,
Care for neither heavén nor hell.

6 Jeſus, Lord, we cry to Thee,
Help our ſoul's infirmity,
Great unchangeable I AM,
Make us evermore the ſame.

7 Plant in us thy conſtant mind,
To thy croſs our ſpirit bind,
That we may no longer rove,
Ground and ſtabliſh us in love.

8 Love that makes us creatures new,
Only love can keep us true,
Perfect love that caſts out ſin,
Perfect love is God within.

9 God within our hearts reſide
Then we ſhall in God abide,
Always firm and faithful prove,
Fixt in everlaſting love.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 LET children proclaim Their Saviour and King!
To Jeſus's name Hoſannas we ſing,
Our beſt adoration To Jeſus we give,
Who purchaſed ſalvation For all to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God From heaven came down,
And ranſomed with blood, And made us his own;
He ſuffered to ſave us From ſin and from thrall,
And Jeſus ſhall have us, Who purchaſed us all.

3 To him will we give Our earlieſt days,
And thankfully live, To publiſh his praiſe,
Our lives ſhall confeſs him who came from above,
Our tongues, they ſhall bleſs him, And tell of his love.

4 In innocent ſongs His coming we ſhout:
Should we hold our tongues, The ſtones would cry out:
But Him without ceaſing We all will proclaim,
And ever be bleſſing Our Jeſus's name.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIX.

1 O Saviour of all,
We come at thy call,
In the morning of life at thy feet do we fall.
Thy mercy is free;
Our helpleſſneſs ſee,
And let little children be brought unto thee.

2 To us thy love ſhow
Who nothing do know,
For of ſuch is the kingdom of heavén below:
O give us thy grace
In our earlieſt days,
And let us grow up to thy honour and praiſe.

3 But rather than live
Thy goodneſs to grieve,
Back into thy hands we our ſpirits would give:
O take us away
In the morn of our day,
And let us no longer in miſery ſtay.

4 If now we remove,
Thy pity and love
Will certainly take us to heaven above:
With Thee we ſhall dwell,
Who haſt lovéd us ſo well:
For O, wilt Thou ſend little children to hell?

5 We need not come there,
But at death may repair
To heavén, and heavénly happineſs ſhare:
Us mercy ſhall raiſe
To that happy place,
And we ſhall behold with our angels thy face.

6 They now are our guard,
And ready preparéd
To carry us hence to our glorious reward;

Ere

Ere long it ſhall be;
We are ranſoméd by Thee,
And we our all-loving Redeemer ſhall ſee.

7 Our bodies are thine,
Our ſouls we reſign
To be wholly employéd in the ſervice divine,
Our ſpirits we give
For Thee to receive:
O who would not die, with his Saviour to live!

HYMN XL.

At the opening of the School in Kingswood.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good deſiréd and wanted moſt
Out of thy richeſt grace ſupply,
The ſacred diſcipline be givén
To train, and bring them up for heavén.

2 Anſwer on them that end of all
Our cares, and pains and ſtudies here,
On them, recoveréd from their fall,
Stampt with the heavénly character,
Raiſéd by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradiſe reſtoréd.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindneſs both of heart and mind,
Give them the wiſdom from above,
Spotleſs, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their mind renéw,
And ſtore with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off and caſt aſide:
Bût let them, Lord, the ſubſtance gain,
In evéry ſolid truth abide.

Swiftly

Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair ſo long disjoinéd,
Knowledge and vital piety,
Learning and holineſs combinéd,
And truth and love let all men ſee
In theſe whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine to die and live.

6 Father, accept them in thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide,
Thy wiſdom in their lives be ſhown,
Thy name confeſſéd and glorifiéd,
Thy powér and love diffuſéd abroad,
Till all our earth is filléd with God.

HYMN XLI.

1 CAPTAIN of our ſalvation, take
The Souls we here preſent to Thee,
And fit for thy great ſervice make
Theſe heirs of immortality,
And let them in thine image riſe,
And then tranſplant them to the ſkies.

2 Unſpótted from the world and pure,
Preſerve them for thy glorious cauſe,
Accuſtoméd daily to endure
The welcome burthen of thy croſs;
Innuréd to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our Sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And ſerve and love Thee all their days:
Infuſe the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace,
Let each improve the grace beſtowéd,
Riſe every child a man of God!

4 Train

4 Train up thy hardy ſoldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's ſteps to tread,
Or ſend them to proclaim thy word,
The goſpel thro' the world to ſpread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which they live.

HYMN XLII.

1 BUT who ſufficient is to lead,
And execute the vaſt deſign?
How can our arduous toil ſucceed,
When earth and hell their forces join,
The meaneſt inſtruments to' o'erthrow
Which Thou haſt ever uſéd below?

2 Mountains alas, on mountains riſe,
To make our utmoſt efforts vain,
The work our feeble ſtrength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man,
Our utter impotence we ſee;
But nothing is too hard for Thee.

3 The things impoſſible to man
Thou canſt for thy own people do:
Thy ſtrength be in our weakneſs ſeen,
Thy wiſdom in our folly ſhow,
Prevent, accompany, and bleſs,
And crown the whole with full ſucceſs.

4 Unleſs the powér of heavénly grace,
The wiſdom of the Deity
Direct, and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in Thee,
Our blaſted works, we know, ſhall fail,
And earth and hell at laſt prevail.

5 But O, almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take,
The mountain-obſtacle remove,
For thy own truth and mercy ſake;

Fulfil in ours thy own deſign,
And prove the work entirely thine.

HYMN XLIII.

1 HOW hapleſs are the letteréd youth,
How diſtant from the paths of truth,
And ſolid happineſs!
Their knowledge makes them doubly blind,
The med'cine for their ſin-ſick mind,
But heightens their diſeaſe.

2 The world's, and ſin's, and Satan's prey,
At the firſt ſtep they go aſtray,
Nor ever God *intend:*
They do not at his glory aim,
Begin their work in Jeſu's name,
Or make his love their end.

3 By ten years ſiege the fort they take,
And learning's ſhell their own they make,
With outward knowledge fraught:
But tutoréd for this world alone,
The one thing needful to be known,
They and their Guides forgot.

4 In ſpecious pride and envy bred,
Down a broad beaten track they tread,
As vicious nature draws;
With helliſh emulation firéd,
They luſt to be careſſéd, admiréd,
And pamperéd with applauſe.

5 Their teachers edge their thirſt of fame,
And pour more oil upon the flame,
And raiſe their paſſions higher;
Like *Herod*, each the children ſlays,
Or makes the helpleſs victims paſs
To *Molock* through the fire.

6 Who

6 Who ſhall ariſe in their defence,
The cauſe of injuréd innocence
With genérous zeal maintain,
Train up poor children for the Lord,
And ſerve, expecting no reward,
Till one in heavén they gain?

7 Lord, if Thou haſt our hearts inclinéd,
And for this very thing deſignéd
The meaneſt of the crowd,
With ſuitable endowments bleſs,
With gifts of learning and of grace,
To build the houſe of God.

8 To thoſe Thou ſhalt with us entruſt,
O make us diligently juſt,
With ſtrict fidelity
To anſwer all we undertake,
And not for gain, but conſcience' ſake,
To breed them up for Thee.

9 Here let thy Providence preſide,
Thy Spirit be our conſtant guide,
Thy word our perfect rule,
Their prayérs let all the faithful join,
With truth, and powér, and love divine,
To found *The Chriſtian School.*

10 So be it, Lord, our labours ſpeed,
And for thyſelf raiſe up a ſeed,
Thy name to glorify;
A generation wiſe and good,
With ſolid piety enduéd,
And knowledge from on high.

11 Mould them according to thy will,
And ſet the city on the hill,
The fairly riſing race,
To ſcatter light on all around,
And to ſucceeding times reſound
Thine everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN XLIV.

For the Scholars.

1 O Thou, whoſe Providential grace
Hath been in our behalf made known,
From different parts, by ſecret ways,
Whoſe eye hath drawn us into one,
The things moſt excellent to' approve
And learn the powér of dying Love:

2 We lift our thankful hearts to Thee,
And gladly cloſe with thy deſign,
With early zeal from evil flee,
In following after Jeſus join,
And long to feel his ſprinkléd blood,
And long to cry, My Lord, my God!

3 Father, to us thy Spirit give,
Him in our youthful hearts reveal;
Him by whoſe precious death we live,
Redeeméd from ſin, and earth, and hell;
Through whom our Eden we regain,
And then in heavénly glory reign.

4 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
His blood to evéry ſoul apply,
Aſſure me of my pardonéd ſin,
Confirm, and throughly ſanctify,
Prepare us for that endleſs reſt,
And take thy children to thy breaſt.

HYMN XLV.

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is,
While enemies to God,
We wander from the way of peace,
And throng the downward road.

2 As a wild aſs's colt is man,
Untaught and unconfinéd,
Till diſcipline his will reſtrain,
And faith inform his mind.

3 But O, with what reluctant ſtrife
Do men themſelves forego!
How late begin the work of life,
How late their Saviour know!

4 Calléd in the morning of their day,
How few like us are bleſt!
Us, if we now the call obey,
And fly to Jeſu's breaſt.

5 This, Lord, is our ſincere deſire,
To find our reſt in Thee,
To do whate'er thy laws require
In true ſimplicity!

6 The inward change, the ſecond birth,
By faith divine to prove,
And practiſe all thy will on earth,
As angels do above.

HYMN XLVI.

1 HAPPY *Samuel*, to God
In his infancy reſtoréd!
In his Maker's houſe he ſtood,
Miniſtring before the Lord:
There he livéd to God alone,
Pure from ſin's infecting ſtain,
Grew in years and wiſdom on,
Favouréd both by God and man.

2 Happy Child! who gainéd a place
To his heavénly Lord ſo near!
Happier ſtill, who found the grace
God's majeſtic voice to hear!

Myſtéries hidden from the wiſe,
From the prudent *men* concealéd,
God, the Lord of earth and ſkies,
To a ſimple babe revealéd.

3 Lord of earth and ſkies, again
To a child thyſelf make known;
Choſen from the ſons of men,
Am not I thy ſacred loan?
Yes, I to thy temple come,
By my parents piety
Dedicated from the womb,
Freely given up to Thee.

4 Thine, O Lord, I ſurely am,
But to me unknown Thou art;
Come, and call me by my name,
Whiſper to my liſténing heart;
Stir me up to ſeek thy face,
Claim me in my tender years,
Manifeſt the word of grace:
Speak, for now thy ſervant hears.

5 Fain I would, I would believe,
Hear by faith thy pard'ning voice;
Of thy love the knowledge give,
Bid me, Lord, in Thee rejoice,
Now thy gracious Self reveal,
Speak in powér and peace divine,
Pardon on my conſcience ſeal,
Seal thy child for ever thine.

HYMN XLVII.

1 FATHER, with joy we praiſe
Thy Providential care,
Snatchéd in our youthful days
From ſin and Satan's ſnare.

We

We own and thankfully approve
Thy merciful deſign,
And vow to ſeek the things above,
And live entirely thine.

2 But vain our vows we know,
And ſtrongeſt promiſes,
Unleſs our God beſtow,
The power himſelf to pleaſe:
Nor men, nor means can change the heart,
Or render it ſincere,
Till Thou the principle impart,
Of godly, gracious fear.

3 Hear then thy children's call,
Fulfil thy own deſire,
And kindle in us all
A ſpark of heavénly fire,
A taſte of God, a ſeed of grace
Let evéry ſoul receive,
And now begin the Chriſtian race,
And now begin to live.

4 Trainéd up in the true way
Wherein we ought to go,
Preſerve us, leſt we ſtray,
When more in years we grow:
O let us not, when old, depart
From our integrity,
But love our God with all our heart,
And live and die to Thee.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 HOW wretched are the boys at ſchool,
Who wickedly delight
To mock, and call each other fool,
And with each other fight!

2 Who

2 Who ſoon their innocency loſe,
And learn to curſe and ſwear:
Or, if they do no harm, ſuppoſe
That good enough they are.

3 O how much happier we than they!
We from the paths of vice
Removéd far off, and taught the way
That leads us to the ſkies!

4 We to the Lamb's atoning blood
Are pointed in our youth,
And rightly taught to worſhip God
In ſpirit and in truth.

5 Yet nought have we whereof to boaſt,
As wiſer than the reſt;
He is not wiſe who knows the moſt,
But he who lives the beſt.

6 If God on us hath much beſtowéd,
He will require the more:
We ought to ſerve and love our God
With all our heart and powér.

7 But if we live in vice and ſin,
And make him no return,
Far better it for us had been
That we had ne'er been born.

8 We ſhall with many ſtripes be beat,
The ſoreſt judgment feel,
And of all wicked children meet
The hotteſt place in hell.

HYMN XLIX.

1 BUT O, we hope for better things:
Who left his throne above,
We truſt, ſhall hide us with his wings,
And wrap us in his love.

2 He

2 He who ſo much for us hath done,
Will ſtill our ſouls defend,
And carry on the work begun,
To a triumphant end.

3 Guide of our weak, unſtable youth,
Jeſu, thy ſpirit give,
To lead into all ſaving truth
Us who thy grace receive.

4 We do with thanks receive it now,
To keep with humble care,
And all our necks and ſpirits bow
Thine eaſy yoke to bear.

5 To Thee our ſtedfaſt hearts ſhall cleave
In theſe our earlieſt days,
Thee whom we long to ſerve, and live,
To ſpread abroad thy praiſe.

6 Out of our mouth and life, O Lord,
Thy perfect praiſe ordain:
And let us live to keep thy word,
And die with Thee to reign.

HYMN L.

1 HOW happy, Lord, thy children are,
Far from the world and all its care,
And all its ſins removéd;
Thou doſt for us a place provide,
And in the ſecret deſert hide,
And nouriſh thy Belovéd.

2 Hither by ſpecial mercy led,
A little flock, a choſen ſeed,
We ſhun the paths of men;
Calléd in our conſecrated youth,
To liſten for the voice of truth,
And ſolid learning gain.

3 Thou

3 Thou calléſt us here to ſeek thy face,
To learn the leſſons of thy grace,
And feel thé atoning blood:
Thou talkéſt to evéry heart ſincere,
That all thy pard'ning voice may hear,
And find Thee in the wood.

4 Come then the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Now in the morning of our day,
Theſe clouds of ſin remove,
Make us unto ſalvation wiſe,
And help us to ſecure the prize
Of thy eternal love.

HYMN LI.

1 O For a thankful heart,
Our Father's love to own,
To taſte how merciful thou art
In all that Thou haſt done!
How bountiful and kind
To us above the reſt,
If bleſt with a contented mind,
We know that we are bleſt.

2 Thy Providence hath caréd,
For our ſimplicity,
For us a place and means preparéd
Of rightly knowing Thee:
To glorify thy name,
Us Thou haſt hither led,
To ſerve and love the bleeding Lamb,
Who ſufferéd in our ſtead.

3 Ah, let us not receive,
Thy choiceſt grace in vain,
Nor ever more thy ſpirit grieve,
Or put our Lord to pain!

Lightneſs

Lightneſs and diſcontent,
With evéry ſin depart,
And let us each to Thee preſent
A willing, honeſt heart.

4 Lord, we preſent it now,
For thee to form anew,
Our Maker and Redeemer Thou,
Thine utmoſt pleaſure ſhew;
In us with powér fulfil
The work of faith divine,
And take us to thy heavénly hill,
To live for ever thine.

HYMN LII.

Before School.

1 FATHER, to Thee our ſouls we raiſe,
And for a bleſſing look,
Prevent, and help us by thy grace
In learning of our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From ſloth and folly free,
Give us a cheerful heart, inclinéd
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory beſtow,
With ſolid learning ſtore,
And ſtill, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey Thee more.

4 Let us things excellent diſcern,
Hold faſt what we approve,
And above all delight to learn,
The leſſons of thy love.

HYMN LIII.

In School.

1 STILL let us keep the end in mind
For which we hither came,
In ſearch of uſeful knowledge joinéd,
As followérs of the Lamb.

2 Thro' Him let us to God look up
In evéry ſtep we take,
And for his conſtant bleſſing hope,
For Jeſu's only ſake.

3 His grace, if God on us confer,
We then ſhall learn apace,
Live to his glory and declare,
Our heavénly Teacher's praiſe.

4 We in his favour ſhall retrieve
Our long loſt paradiſe,
Take of the Tree of Life, and live
Immortal in the ſkies.

HYMN LIV.

After School.

1 JESUS, we caſt ourſelves on Thee,
On Thee our works we caſt,
The Alpha and Omega bé,
In all, the firſt and laſt.

2 If well we any thing have done,
'Tis owing to thy grace:
What therefore we with praiſe begun,
We now conclude with praiſe.

3 We praiſe Thee for our Maſter's care,
To us poor children ſhowéd,
If forward brought to-day we are,
It is the gift of God.

4 We praiſe Thee for our hope to know
The wiſdom from above,
And own that all our bleſſings flow
From thy expiring love.

H Y M N LV.

Againſt Idleneſs.

1 IDLE boys and men are found,
Standing on the devil's ground,
He will find them work to do,
He will pay their wages too.

2 Are they not of wiſdom void,
Thoſe that ſaunter unemployed,
Young, or old, who fondly play
Their important time away?

3 What a bold and fooliſh lye,
When we hear a trifler cry,
"I no other buſineſs have!"
Has he not a ſoul to ſave?

4 Has he from his Lord above,
No one talent to improve?
Let him go and muſe on this,
Sloth is the worſt wickedneſs.

5 Sloth is the accurſed root,
Whence ten thouſand evils ſhoot,
Every vice and every ſin,
Doth with idleneſs begin.

6 We by idleneſs expoſe
Our own ſouls to endleſs woes,
We, whenever loitering thus,
Tempt the devil to tempt us.

7 But ſuffice the ſeaſon paſt,
That our time away we caſt,
Thoughtleſs and inſenſible,
Dancing on the brink of hell.

8 Let us now to Jeſus turn,
For our miſ-ſpent moments mourn,
Let us in his Spirit's powér
Promiſe to ſtand ſtill no more.

9 Jeſus help; to Thee we pray,
Take the curſed root away,
Idleneſs far off remove,
Let us Thee and labour love;

10 All our time and vigour give,
Serve our Maker while we live,
Uſe for God the talents givén,
Work on earth, and reſt in heavén.

H Y M N LVI.

Againſt Lying.

1 HAPPY the well-inſtructed youth
Who in his earliéſt infancy,
Loves from his heart to ſpeak the truth,
And like his God abhors a lye.

2 He that has practiſéd no deceit
With falſe equivocating tongue,
Nor evén durſt o'er-reach, or cheat,
Or ſlandérouſly his neighbour wrong:

3 He in the houſe of God ſhall dwell,
He on his holy hill ſhall reſt,
The comforts of religion feel,
And then be numberéd with the bleſt.

4 But who or guile or falſehood uſe,
Or take God's name in vain, or ſwear,
Or ever lye themſelves to' excuſe,
They ſhall their dreadful ſentence bear.

5 The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
Himſelf hath ſaid, that evéry lyar,
Shall ſurely meet his juſt reward,
Aſſignéd him in eternal fire.

HYMN

HYMN LVII.

1 O May I to my ways take heed,
Nor ever with my tongue offend,
Or grieve that God by word or deed,
Whoſe wrath can puniſh without end!

2 O may I never, never tell,
To gain the world, one wilful lye,
For what would the whole world avail,
If my own ſoul I loſt thereby?

3 Thou, Lord, who art the Truth, the Way,
On me the ſaving grace beſtow,
To keep me, leſt I go aſtray,
To make me in thy footſteps go.

4 Still may I in the truth delight,
Still may I take delight in Thee,
Order my converſation right,
And all thy great ſalvation ſee.

5 So ſhall I ſee thy face with joy,
When caught up to thy throne above,
And all eternity employ
In praiſes of thy faithful love.

HYMN LVIII.

1 WHY ſhould our parents call us good,
And poiſon us with praiſe,
When born in ſin by nature proud,
And void we are of grace?

2 Who fancy righteouſneſs in man,
Themſelves they have not known,
Evil are all our thoughts and vain,
And God is good alone.

3 Good of himſelf He only is;
And if he makes us good,
Our goodneſs is not ours, but his,
For Jeſu's ſake beſtowéd.

4 O let us not ourſelves forget,
Tho' man preſume to praiſe,
And puff us up with the conceit
Of our own righteouſneſs.

5 O let us as from ſerpents fly
From all who us commend,
Or filléd with juſt abhorrence cry,
Get thee behind me, fiend!

6 Glory to God, if we receive
The ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
He only doth our goodneſs give,
And his be all the praiſe.

HYMN LIX.

1 AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A world of darkeſt ſhade,
Unpiercéd by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be:
Wakéd by the trumpet's ſound
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crownéd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies.

3 How ſhall I leave my tomb?
With triumph, or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curſe, or bleſſing meet?
Shall angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away,
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breaſt?
Shall I be with the damnéd caſt out?
Or numberéd with the bleſt?
I muſt from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Muſt come, at his command, to heaven,
Or elſe depart to hell.

5 O Thou who wouldéſt not have
One wretched ſinner die,
Who diédſt thyſelf my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery,
Shew me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That when Thou comeſt on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyſelf the way:
Thyſelf in me reveal,
So ſhall I paſs my life's ſhort day,
Obedient to thy will:
So ſhall I love my God,
Becauſe he firſt lovéd me,
And praiſe Thee in thy bright abode,
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN LX.

A Thought on Hell.

1 TERRIBLE thought! ſhall I alone,
Who may be ſavéd, ſhall I
Of all alas, whom I have known,
Thro' ſin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A bleſſing to receive;

3 Shall I, amidſt a ghaſtly band
Draggéd to the judgment-ſeat,
Far on the left with horror ſtand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Abandonéd to extreme deſpair,
Eternally undone,
My Father would not own me there,
His hell-devoted ſon.

5 Diſſolvéd are nature's cloſeſt ties,
And boſom-friends forgot,
When God, the juſt Avenger, cries
Depart, I know you not.

6 But muſt I from his glorious face,
From all his ſaints retire?
But muſt I go to my own place,
In everlaſting fire?

7 While they enjoy his heavénly love,
Muſt I in torments dwell,
And howl (while they ſing hymns above)
And blow the flames of hell?

8 Ah, no: I ſtill may turn and live,
For ſtill his wrath delays,
He now vouchſafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

9 I *will* accept his offers now,
From evéry ſin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

10 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jeſus givén,
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heavén.

HYMN LXI.

For the Lord's Day.

1 COME, let us with our Lord ariſe,
Our Lord, who made both earth and ſkies,
Who diéd to ſave the world he made,
And roſe triumphant from the dead:
He roſe, the Prince of life and peace,
And ſtampéd the day for ever his.

2 This is the day the Lord hath made,
That all may ſee his powér diſplayéd,
May feel his reſurrection's powér,
And riſe again to fall no more,
In perfect righteouſneſs renewéd,
And filléd with all the life of God.

3 Then let us render Him his own,
With ſolemn prayér approach the throne,
With meekneſs hear the goſpel-word,
With thanks his dying love record,
Our joyful hearts and voices raiſe,
And fill his courts with ſongs of praiſe.

4 Honour and praiſe to Jeſus pay,
Throughout his conſecrated day,
Be all in Jeſu's praiſe employéd,
Nor leave a ſingle moment void,
With utmoſt care the time improve,
And only breathe his praiſe and love.

HYMN

HYMN LXII.

On the same.

1 COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns about the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ,
And in our Lord, rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

HYMN LXIII.

1 O Father of all,
The great and the small,
The old and the young,
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue:
Thy goodness we praise,
Which has found us a place,
Has planted us here,
To be mildly brought up in thy nurture and fear.

2 Thy mercy and truth
In the days of our youth
We learn to adore,
And gladly acknowledge thy wisdom and power:

Thy

Thy aſtoniſhing plan
To recover loſt man,
With the heavénly quire,
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.

3 Thy favour we find
In the Friend of mankind,
Sent down from above,
The Witneſs and proof of thy fatherly love:
With joy we embrace
Thy tenders of grace,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And accept our ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

4 Thy mercy hath brought
Salvation unſought,
To us, and to all,
And all may be ſavéd, if they follow the call:
We follow it here,
Till the Saviour appear,
His ſaints to approve,
And carry us up to his kingdom above.

HYMN LXIV.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And muſt I ſuddenly comply
With nature's ſtern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celeſtial joys, or helliſh pains
Through all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the houſe of clay!
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Againſt the fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone,
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Thé inexorable throne.

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy:
But O, when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtinéd place?
Muſt I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death
That never, never dies;
How make my own election ſure,
And when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies.

6 Jeſus, vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be Thou my ſtrength, be Thou my way
To glorious happineſs,
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whenſoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

HYMN LXV.

1 YOUNG men and maidens raiſe
Your tuneful voices high,
Old men and children, praiſe
The Lord of earth and ſky,
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

2 The univerſal King
Let all the world proclaim,
Let evéry creature ſing
His attributes and name,
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who ſits upon the throne,
And ſhall for ever ſit;
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the nobleſt ſongs
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three
Extol to all eternity.

HYMN LXVI.

Before, or in their Work.

1 LET heatheniſh boys
In their paſtimes rejoice,
And be fooliſhly happy at play:
Overſtocked if *they* are,
We have nothing to ſpare,
Not a moment to trifle away.

2 Our minds to unbend,
We need not offend,
Or our Saviour by idleneſs grieve;
Whatſoever we do,
Our end is in view,
And to Jeſus' his glory we live.

3 Recreation of mind
We in exerciſe find,
And our bodily ſtrength is renewed:
New employment is eaſe,
And our pleaſure, to pleaſe
By our labour a merciful God.

4 Our hearts and our hands
He juſtly demands,

And

And both to our Lord we reſign;
Overpaid if He ſmile
On our innocent toil,
And accept as a ſervice divine.

5 In our uſeful employ
We his bleſſing enjoy,
Whether clearing, or digging the ground,
With our ſongs we proclaim,
Our Immanuel's name,
And our angels attend to the ſound.

6 The meadow and field
True pleaſure doth yield,
When to either with Jeſus we go;
Or a paradiſe find,
Like the head of mankind,
And our pains on a garden beſtow.

7 Howſoever employéd
In the preſence of God,
We our forfeited Eden regain,
And delightfully riſe
To our Lord in the ſkies,
In his fulneſs of glory to reign.

HYMNS for GIRLS.

HYMN LXVII.

1 AH! dire effect of female pride!
How deep our mother's ſin, and wide,
Through all her daughters ſpread!
Since firſt ſhe pluckéd the mortal tree,
Each woman would a goddeſs be
In her Creator's ſtead.

2 This fatal vanity of mind,
A curſe entailéd on all the kind,

Her

Her legacy we feel,
We neither can deny nor tame,
Our inbred eagerneſs for fame,
And ſtubbornneſs of will.

3 The poiſon ſpreads throughout our veins,
In all our ſex the evil reigns,
The arrogant offence;
In vain we ſtrive the plague to hide;
Our fig-leaves but bewray our pride,
And loſs of innocence.

4 Deeper we ſink, and deeper ſtill,
In pride inſtructed and ſelf-will,
As cuſtom leads the way;
The world their infant charge receive,
To pleaſure our young hearts we give,
And bow to paſſion's ſway.

5 By folly taught, by nature led,
In ſenſual delicacy bred,
In ſoft luxurious eaſe:
A feeble mind and body meet,
And pride, and ignorance compleat
Our total uſeleſſneſs.

Part the Second.

1 SEE from the world's politeſt ſchool,
The goddeſs riſe, mankind to rule,
As born for her alone!
Uncloggéd by thought, ſhe iſſues forth,
And juſtly conſcious of her worth,
Aſcends her gaudy throne.

2 With luſt of fame and pleaſure firéd,
The virgin ſhines careſſed, admiréd,
And idolizéd by all:
Obedient to her dread command,
Around her throne the votaries ſtand,
Or at her footſtool fall

3 Proſtrate before the idol's ſhrine,
They celebrate her charms divine,
Her beauty's awful powér;
By brutal appetite inſpiréd,
By paſſion urgéd, by Satan hiréd
To damn whom they adore.

4 Eager ſhe drinks their praiſes in,
Repeats the heavén-invading ſin,
And ſeems with God to dwell,
Triumphant, till her hour is paſt,
And quite undeified at laſt,
The ſinner ſinks to hell.

Part the Third.

1 HOW highly favouréd then are we,
Snatchéd from a world of vanity,
And calléd in Jeſu's name,
To cultivate our tender mind,
And peace and happineſs to find,
With the atoning Lamb!

2 Our ſouls to God devoted are,
And aſk, and have our chiefeſt care,
To faſhion and improve,
The only ornament we ſeek,
A ſpirit calm, and mild, and meek,
And rich in faith and love.

3 The one thing needful we purſue,
And when we gain the prize in view,
And when we faith receive;
Still we renew the glorious ſtrife,
And trampling down the pride of life,
To God alone we live.

4 Clothéd with humility and grace,
Regardleſs of the fallen race,
In angels eyes we ſhine;
A robe of righteouſneſs we wear,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And bought with blood divine.

5 By God approvéd, by man unknown,
The conquèſt of ourſelvés alone,
We zealouſly deſire,
The praiſe deſcending from above,
And none but our Redeemer's love,
Our panting hearts require.

6 We for no worldly pleaſures plead,
No innocent diverſions need,
As Satan calls his joys:
His rattles let the tempter keep,
Or his own children rock to ſleep
With ſuch amuſing toys.

7 The Lord himſelf our portion is,
Unfading joy and ſolid bliſs,
We find with Jeſus givén;
We find, reclining on his breaſt,
Our preſent and eternal reſt,
Our all in earth and heavén.

HYMN LXVIII.

Primitive Chriſtianity.

1 THE Chriſtians of old, United in one,
As ſheep in a fold, Were never alone;
As birds of a feather, They flockéd to their neſt,
And ſhelteréd together, In Jeſus's breaſt.

2 However employéd, Their joy was the ſame,
They never were cloyéd, With hymning the Lamb:
Their ſole recreation To ſing of his praiſe,
And publiſh ſalvation By Jeſus's grace.

3 Small learning they had, And wanted no more:
Not many could read, But all could adore:
No help from the college Or ſchool they receivéd,
Content with his knowledge In whom they believéd.

4 No riches had they But riches of grace,
No fondneſs for play, Or paſſion for praiſe;
No moments of leiſure For trifling employs,
Poſſeſt of the pleaſure In God to rejoice.

5 Men in their own eyes Were children again,
And children were wiſe And ſolid as men:
The women were fearful Of nothing but ſin:
Their hearts were all cheerful, Their conſciences
clean.

6 Wrapt up in their Lord, His ſervice and love,
They livéd and adoréd, Like angels above,
To keep in his favour, Their lives they laid down,
And now with their Saviour Inherit the crown.

Part the Second.

1 O Where are the men With virtue endowéd,
To live, as did then The ſervants of God!
The ancient example, Who ſhews us again,
Courageous to trample On pleaſure and pain?

2 O Jeſus, on us The bleſſing beſtow,
Our infancy chuſe, Thy glory to ſhow;
In this generation Thy witneſſes raiſe,
The heirs of ſalvation, The veſſels of grace.

3 Accept our deſire, And give us thy love,
Thy children inſpire With faith from above:
Purge out the old leaven, And early convert,
And open a heaven Of grace in our heart.

4 Begotten again, And principléd right,
Good works to maintain, And walk in thy ſight;
We then ſhall recover That vigour of grace,
And gladly live over Thoſe primitive days

5 Our moments below Shall pleaſantly glide,
While nothing we know But Chriſt crucifiéd,
Our

Our whole converſation In ſongs ſhall approve
Thy wonderful paſſion, Thy ranſoming love.

6 And if we muſt win The crown like our God,
And ſtrive againſt ſin, Reſiſting to blood;
We more than victorious O'er death ſhall ariſe,
All happy and glorious, With Chriſt in the ſkies.

HYMNS for the YOUNGEST.

HYMN LXIX.

1 GENTLE Jeſus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my ſimplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee:

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Deareſt God, forbid it not:
Give me, deareſt God, a place,
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be ſtayéd,
Let me lean upon thy breaſt,
Lull me, lull me, Lord to reſt.

4 Hold me faſt in thine embrace,
Let me ſee thy ſmiling face,
Give me, Lord, thy bleſſing give,
Pray for me, and I ſhall live.

5 I ſhall live the ſimple life,
Free from ſin's uneaſy ſtrife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy ſtill.

6 O that I may never know,
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to Thee,
Sin is the forbidden Tree.

7 Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpleſs innocence,
Hide me from all evil hide,
Self, and ſtubbornneſs and pride.

Part the Second.

1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou ſhalt my example be,
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou waſt once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Meek, and lowly may I be,
Thou art all humility;
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to thy parents Thou.

4 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavénly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

5 Thou didſt live to God alone,
Thou didſt never ſeek thine own,
Thou thyſelf didſt never pleaſe,
God was all thy happineſs.

6 Loving Jeſus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live thyſelf within my heart.

7 I ſhall then ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world ſhall always ſee
Chriſt, the holy child in me.

HYMN LXX.

1 LAMB of God, I fain would be
A meek follower of Thee,
Gentle, tractable, and mild,
Loving as a little child.

2 Simple, ignorant of ill,
Guided by another's will,
Trusting him for heavénly food,
Casting all my care on God.

3 Let me in thy footsteps tread,
Be to all the creatures dead,
Dead to pléasure, wealth, and praise,
Poor, and humble all my days.

4 Prepossess my tender mind,
Let me cast the world behind,
All its pomps and pleasures vain,
Help me, Saviour to disdain.

5 Thou my better portion art,
Earth shall never share my heart,
I on all its goods look down,
I expect a starry crown.

6 I aspire to things above,
Lord, I give Thee all my love,
I will nothing know beside,
Jesus, and him crucifiéd.

Part the Second.

1 LET the potsherds of the earth,
Boast their virtue, beauty, birth,
A poor, guilty worm I am,
Ransoméd by the bleeding Lamb.

2 Jesus, this be all my boast,
Thou hast savéd a sinner lost,

Thou

Thou haſt ſpilt thy ſacred blood,
Me to make a child of God.

3 What a glorious title this,
Title to eternal bliſs;
Thou for me thy life haſt given,
Me to make an heir of heaven.

4 O enlarge my ſcanty thought,
To conceive what Thou haſt wrought,
Raiſe my grovelling ſpirit up,
To my heavenly calling's hope.

5 Greaten my contracted mind,
Saviour Thou of all mankind;
What in man thy grace could move?
O the riches of thy love!

6 Let thy love poſſeſs me whole,
Let it take up all my ſoul,
True magnificence impart,
Purify, and fill my heart.

7 I deſpiſe all earthly things,
Offspring to the King of kings,
God, I for my Father claim,
Jeſus is my brother's name.

8 Heaven is mine inheritance,
I ſhall ſoon remove from hence,
As the ſtars in glory ſhine:
Chriſt, and God, and all is mine!

HYMN LXXI.

1 COME let us join the hoſts above,
Now in our youngeſt days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And liſp our Father's praiſe.

2 His Majeſty will not deſpiſe
The day of feeble things:
Grateful the ſongs of children riſe,
And pleaſe the King of kings.

3 We all his kind protection ſhare,
Within his arms we reſt:
The ſucklings are his tendereſt care,
While hanging on the breaſt.

4 We praiſe him with a ſtammering tongue,
While under his defence,
He ſmiles to hear the artleſs ſong,
Of childiſh innocence.

5 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for his grace,
Out of the mouth of babes like us,
His wiſdom perfects praiſe.

6 Glory to God, and praiſe, and power,
Honour and thanks be given,
Children, and Cherubim, adore
The Lord of earth and heaven!

HYMN LXXII.

1 O Happy ſtate of infancy!
Strangers to guilty fears,
We live from ſin and ſorrow free,
In theſe our tender years.

2 Jeſus the Lord, our Shepherd is,
And did our ſouls redeem,
Our preſent and eternal bliſs,
Are both ſecured in Him.

3 His mercy every ſinner claims;
For all his flock he cares,
The ſheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his boſom bears.

4 Loving he is to all his ſons,
Who hearken to his call,
But us, his weak, his little ones,
He loves us beſt of all.

5 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclinéd,
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

6 Then let us thank him for his grace,
He will not diſapprove
Our meaneſt ſacrifice of praiſe,
Our childiſh prattling love.

HYMN LXXIII.

1 COME let us our good God proclaim
By earth and heavén adoréd;
Children are bid to praiſe his name,
And magnify the Lord.

2 Let us with all his ſaints agree,
With all is hoſts above;
Part of his family are we,
His family of love.

3 Worthleſs are our beſt offerings,
Our ſongs are void of art,
Yet God accepts the ſmalleſt things,
Givén with a willing heart.

4 Us for the ſake of Chriſt he loves
Who did our ſouls redeem,
And all our childiſh thoughts approves,
When offeréd up thro' him.

5 He makes us his peculiar care;
While by his Spirit led,
We all his genuine children are,
And on his bounty feed.

6 Though men deſpiſe our infancy,
Angels attend our ways,
On us they wait, yet always ſee
Our heavenly Father's face.

7 Surrounded by a flaming hoſt,
The bright Cherubic powérs:
Not all the kings of earth can boaſt
Of ſuch a guard as ours.

8 And while thé angelic army ſings,
With them we feebly join,
To' extol the glorious King of kings,
The Majeſty Divine.

H Y M N LXXIV.

1 LOVER of little children, Thee,
O Jeſus, we adore:
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thine arms,
And we are truly bleſt,
Thy new-born babes are ſafe from harms,
While harbouréd in thy breaſt.

3 There let us ever, ever ſleep,
Strangers to guilt and care,
Free from the world of evil keep
Our tender ſpirits there.

4 Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wiſdom let us grow,
But never leave thy dear embrace,
But never evil know.

5 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
In malice, ſubtlety and pride,
Let us be children ſtill.

6 Lover of little children, Thee,
O Jeſus, we adore,
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

HYMN LXXV.

1 JESUS, Son of David, hear,
Thou whom angels glorify,
Bleſs thine infant-worſhipper,
Me who now Hoſanna cry,
Hardly underſtand the word,
Yet I humbly pray for grace,
Teach my heart to call Thee Lord,
Teach my heart to mean thy praiſe.

2 Me, they ſay, thy hands have made,
Me, thy precious blood hath bought:
But without thy Spirit's aid,
This ſurpaſſes all my thought:
Saviour, to my heart explain,
Maker both of earth and ſky,
How could God become a man?
How could God for ſinners die?

3 Take me young into thy ſchool,
Me, in my ſimplicity,
By the word and Spirit rule,
Thou my kind inſtructor be:
Then I ſhall my Maſter prize,
Then I ſhall my Saviour love,
Till on angels wings I riſe,
Riſe, and ſing thy praiſe above.

HYMN LXXVI.

For the Morning.

1 FATHER, I wake thy love to praiſe,
Which hath my weakneſs kept,
Thy mercy did the angels place,
To guard me while I ſlept.

2 I laid me down in peace, and riſe
Thy goodneſs to proclaim,
Preſent my morning ſacrifice,
My thanks in Jeſu's name.

3 Becauſe he bought me with his blood,
Into thy favour take,
And ſtill be merciful and good
To me for Jeſu's ſake:

4 Throughout this day thy mercy ſhow,
And ſtill thy child defend,
Till all my ſpotleſs life below
In heavénly glories end.

HYMN LXXVII.

For the Evening.

1 SAVIOUR, Thou haſt beſtowéd on me
The bleſſing of the light,
And wilt my kind Preſerver be
Through this approaching night:

2 Evil from me far off remove,
That with thy favour bleſt,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy love
I in thine arms may reſt.

3 Thy gracious eye which never ſleeps
Is always fixt on man;
Thy love the ſlumbéring children keeps
From ſorrow, fear, and pain.

4 Wherefore I ſafely lay me down,
And truſt myſelf to Thee,
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Who ever prayéſt for me.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 HOSANNA to Him who ruleth on high!
A world to redeem, He came from the ſky;
Thé Almighty Creator (O how could it be?)
Appearéd in our nature, An infant like me.

2 Who all the bright train Angelical made,
Subjected to man, His parents obeyéd,
On ſinners attended, Their miniſter was,
And patiently ended His life on a croſs.

3 O how ſhall I praiſe Thy wonderful love?
Thy ſpirit of grace Send down from above;
If ſtill the dear Lover Of children Thou art,
My Saviour, diſcover Thyſelf to my heart.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 THE children in their earlieſt days
To Jeſus brought, are truly bleſt:
He folds them in his kind embrace,
He warms them in his tender breaſt.

2 One of thoſe happy children, me
Saviour, into thy arms receive,
Brought by my parents prayers to Thee,
O may I in thy kingdom live.

3 They tell me Thou art good indeed,
And wouldeſt to all thy grace impart;
Put then thy hands upon my head,
Put faith into my ſimple heart.

4 Thee may I for my portion chuſe,
To Thee through life obedient prove,
And now obtain, and never loſe
The bleſſing of my Saviour's love.

HYMN LXXX.

1 JESUS his own diſciples chid,
Who out of falſe eſteem,
The parents fooliſhly forbid
That brought their babes to him.

2 Methinks even now I hear him ſay
In fervent charity,
I will not have them kept away;
Bring all your babes to Me.

3 Though men our ſimpleneſs deſpiſe,
Our Saviour doth maintain
They muſt be ſmall in their own eyes,
If they with us would reign.

4 To little ones, and not to men,
Is grace and glory givén,
Children they muſt become again,
Or never enter heavén.

HYMN LXXXI.

1 THEE, Jeſus, the Son
Of *David* I own,
By all heavén adoréd,
Thou art come from above, in the name of the Lord,
To the houſe I repair
Of thankſgiving and prayér,
With the children draw nigh,
And loud in the temple hoſanna, I cry.

2 In my earlieſt hour
I acknowledge thy powér,
Thy wiſdom approve,
And am taught by my parents to pray for thy love:
Thee, an infant of days
With wonder I praiſe,
Thee the God over all
I confeſs, and on Thee for ſalvation I call.

3 Let mercy attend,
My ſoul to defend
From offences and ſins,
While I ſcarcely can tell what iniquity means;
But deliver thine own
From the evil unknown,
And aſſiſt me to cry,
"Let me live to be good, or in innocence die!"

HYMN LXXXII.

1 ALL glory to God,
Who on man hath beſtowéd
The unſpeakable gift of his Son!
Little children we ſing
At the birth of a king,
Who will give us a ſhare of his throne.

2 His aſtoniſhing birth,
Brings peace upon earth,
And praiſe to his Father above,
Who is now reconciléd
By that innocent Child,
And his anger is turnéd into love.

3 For Immanuel's ſake,
Who our nature did take,
He is pleaſéd with the children of men;
And if Chriſt we believe,
Will his rebels receive
To the arms of his mercy again.

4 By the Spirit of grace,
We our Saviour embrace,
And expect he again will come down,
Our ſouls to remove
By the powér of his love,
And with heavénly glory to crown.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

THOU whom angel-quires proclaim,
Haſt bid the children chaunt thy name;
Looſen then the ſtammering tongue,
Liſten to my artleſs ſong:
Now my infant voice I raiſe,
Liſp an unknown Saviour's praiſe;
And feebly thus begin to ſing
Under the ſhadow of thy wing.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

LORD, that I may ſing to Thee,
And make the ſweeteſt melody,
Bid my ſoul in hymns aſpire,
Echo to the Pſalmiſt's lyre;
Tune my heart to praiſe the Lamb,
(Jeſus his harmonious name)
And when Thou doſt from earth remove,
Give me a golden harp above.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXV.

WHEN Jeſus darts his glorious light,
All heavén is raviſhéd with the ſight,
The Cherubs ſtrike their golden lyres,
The Seraphs glow with brighter fires:
But when Jeſus ſhews his face,
All are huſhéd and loſt in praiſe!

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 IN vain are childrén taught to pray,
Or praiſe a God unknown:
Chriſt is the true and living Way,
And God and Chriſt are one.

2 Whene'er we think on God Moſt High,
Whene'er his praiſe proclaim,
We think on Him, who ſtoopéd to die,
We bow to Jeſu's name.

3 My God in Jeſus reconciléd,
Declare thyſelf to me,
If ſtill an uncorrupted child,
Yet ſtill I know not Thee.

4 To make my ſinful nature pure,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
And me from actual ſin ſecure,
By dwelling in my heart.

HYMN LXXXVII.

O Might I in my youthful days
Reflect on my Creator's grace,
Call on my heavénly Father's name,
Whoſe mercy made me what I am,
Whoſe love out of his boſom gave
His only Son, a world to ſave,
To buy, and waſh me with his blood,
And bring my new-born ſoul to God.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 CHILDREN have a right to ſing
Praiſes to their Infant-King,
Tell how Chriſt the holy Child
God and man hath reconciléd.

2 Whom the heavéns cannot contain,
Very God and very man,
God was in his infancy
Weak and ignorant like me.

3 Wherefore did he ſtoop ſo low?
Jeſus, help my heart to know,
Thou who didſt my fleſh receive,
Unto me thy Spirit give.

4 Thus explain the myſtery;
Then I ſhall be one with Thee,
Then I ſhall above the ſky
Endleſs hallelujahs cry.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 TO God the Creator of all
My earlieſt tribute I pay,
On Him with humility call,
And promiſe his laws to obey:
I promiſe alas, but in vain,
Unleſs He his Spirit beſtow,
From folly and ſin to reſtrain,
And keep me wherever I go.

2 O Father of mercies, attend,
(Though now I in ignorance cry,)
And teach me on Him to depend,
My Advocate there in the ſky:
Whatever I aſk in the name
Of Jeſus, I hear, ſhall be done,
As due to that innocent Lamb,
As claiméd by thine heavénly Son.

HYMN XC.

1 LET all that breathe, Jehovah praiſe,
Almighty, all-creating Lord,
Let earth and heavén his powér confeſs,
Brought out of nothing by his word!
He ſpake the word, and it was done,
The univerſe his word obeyéd:
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Chriſt the whole creation made.

2 Jeſus the Lord and God moſt high,
Maker of all mankind and me,
Me Thou haſt forméd to glorify,
To know, and love, and live for Thee:
Wherefore to Thee my heart I give,
(But Thou muſt firſt beſtow the powér)
And if on earth for Thee I live,
Thee I ſhall ſoon in heavén adore.

HYMN XCI.

1 WHO ſhall join the acclamation
Of that bright celeſtial quire,
While with raptérous exultation
All in ſongs of praiſe aſpire?
Hallelujah
Sounds from evéry tuneful lyre.

2 I, if here I love my Lover,
Here my heart to Jeſus give,
When this mortal life is over,
Shall an harp and crown receive,
Hallelujah
Sing, as long as God ſhall live.

HYMN XCII.

1 THE Judge of all ſhall ſoon come down
Bright on his everlaſting throne
Summon the nations to his bar,
And I ſhall take my trial there.

2 Jeſus,

2 Jeſus, be now my Friend with God,
And waſh me in thy precious blood,
That at thy laſt appearance I
May ſhouting meet Thee in the ſky.

H Y M N XCIII.

1 HAPPY beyond deſcription he,
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run:
Its ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heavén on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I evéry other would reſign
With juſt and holy ſcorn;
Cheerful and blith my way purſue,
And with the promiſéd land in view,
Singing to God return.

H Y M N XCIV.

1 THOU, the great, eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought,
Worthy to be feareḍ, adoréd
By thoſe thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyſelf compare,
Thy glory fills both earth and ſky:
We, and all thy creatures are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded powér,
To Thee the praiſe we give,
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive;
When Thou wilt to work proceed,
None thy purpoſe can withſtand,
Fruſtrate the determinéd deed,
Or ſtay thé Almighty hand.

3 Thou,

3 Thou, O God, art wiſe alone,
Thy counſel doth excel,
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unſearchable:
Who can ſound the myſtery,
Thy judgments deep abyſs explain?
Thou whoſe eyes in darkneſs ſee,
And ſearch the heart of man.

4 Thou the holy God and pure,
Hateſt iniquity,
Evil Thou canſt not endure,
Or let it ſtay with Thee:
Who from ſin refuſe to turn,
Sinners with Thee ſhall never dwell,
But thy righteous wrath ſhall burn
After their ſouls to hell.

5 Good Thou art, and good Thou doſt,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly thoſe on Thee who truſt,
And for thy mercies call:
New they evéry morning are:
As Fathers, when their children cry,
Us Thou doſt in pity ſpare,
And all our wants ſupply.

6 Mercy o'er thy works preſides,
Thy Providence diſplayéd
Still preſerves, and ſtill provides
For all thy hands have made;
Keeps with more diſtinguiſhéd care
The man that on thy love depends,
Watches evéry numberéd hair,
And all his ſteps attends.

7 Who can ſound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace,
Grace which gave thy only Son
To ſave our ruinéd race!

Millions of tranſgreſſors poor
Thou haſt for Jeſu's ſake forgivén,
Made them of thy favour ſure,
And ſnatchéd from hell to heavén.

8 Millions more Thou ready art
To ſave, and to forgive,
Evéry ſoul, and evéry heart
Of man thou wouldéſt receive:
Father, now accept of mine
Which now through Chriſt I offer Thee,
Tell a child, in love divine,
That thou haſt pardonéd me.

HYMN XCV.

1 O Father, I am but a child,
My body is made of the earth,
My nature alas, is defiléd,
And a ſinner I was from my birth;
Not worthy to lift up my face
To a God on his heavénly throne,
Yet allow me to pray for thy grace,
For without it I muſt be undone.

2 I cannot obey thy commands
Unaſſiſted by grace from above:
No grace I deſerve at thy hands,
Yet I hope to recover thy love:
Thy mercy is promiſéd to all,
The giver of Jeſus Thou art,
And therefore attend to my call,
And diſcover his love to my heart.

HYMN XCVI.

1 TO me thy compaſſion extend,
For the ſake of thy heavénly Son,
From Satan and ſin to defend,
And a world full of evil unknown:

An

An inviſible enemy's powér
Ever near to deſtroy me I have,
A lion intent to devour:
Let mercy be nearer to ſave.

2 That mercy I languiſh to feel,
If mercy infuſe the deſire,
My need of a Saviour reveal,
My ſoul with the hunger inſpire:
O Father, an infant allure
In a way that I never have known,
And me by thy Spirit aſſure
That mercy and Jeſus are one.

HYMN XCVII.

1 COME, my companions dear,
With mine your voices raiſe,
Let us with heart ſincere
Attempt our Saviour's praiſe,
And while our ſouls to heavén aſcend,
Begin the ſong that ne'er ſhall end.

2 Of whom ſhould children ſing,
But of that holy child
Who to their heavénly King
Hath rebels reconciléd?
Peace upon earth he doth beſtow:
Rejoice in God revealéd below.

3 Who earth and heavén commands
In years and wiſdom grew,
Till ſeizéd by wicked hands,
They wounded him and ſlew:
But in his blood our peace is ſealéd,
And by his wounds our ſouls are healéd!

4 Then let us bleſs his name,
And thank him for his grace:
Worthy is Chriſt the Lamb
Of univerſal praiſe.

Praiſe

Praiſe be on him by all beſtowéd
Who lives, the one eternal God!

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 MEET and right it is, that I
Should my Maker glorify,
Born for this alone I am,
God to praiſe through Jeſu's name:
Author of my life, receive
Praiſe the beſt a child can give.

2 Teach me as I older grow,
Thee in Chriſt aright to know,
That I may thy bleſſings prize,
Bring Thee Jeſus ſacrifice,
Thee with underſtanding praiſe,
Love, and ſerve Thee all my days.

H Y M N XCIX.

1 PRAISE the Father for his love,
Chriſt He ſent us from above,
Publiſh the Redeemer's praiſe,
Bleſs the Spirit of his grace,
He reveals the Trinity,
Three in one, and one in three.

2 Glory be to God alone,
One in three, and three in one,
God from whom all bleſſings ſpring
Evéry child of *Adam* ſing,
Praiſe him all ye heavénly hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

H Y M N C.

1 THE Father above,
The Son of his love,
We adore with the Spirit of grace,
Till he bids us ariſe,
To our throne in the ſkies,
And eternity ſpend in his praiſe.

F I N I S.